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# The ..Agonian



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# The Agonian.

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## ...The Agonian...

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### EDITORIALS.

WE are glad to present to you once more THE AGONIAN, the paper of which we are justly proud. In the work and bustle of editing this paper, we realize more than ever before what "Agonian" signifies. We perceive that each Chapter is an essential part of the great whole, the Grand Fraternity. The noble way in which each chapter has contributed its mite to this paper is highly commendable, for in no instance has work from any Chapter been refused. This statement means that work has been done by individuals, but after all it is the individual that makes the society. We are so apt to think of the work of a large society in its entirety, and not stop to consider that a progressive society means that there has been conscientious, plodding work on the part of each member, so we must strive to make our individual work a fitting

example to our younger sisters. Still it is only a pleasure to work for our society, as the banner, the gold, white and blue, is an inspiration to any earnest worker.

WE seldom realize our advantages until we are deprived of them; thus it is, with the pleasure of being an Agonian. While we are active in the Fraternity, we do not stop to consider what a blessing it is to us, but as soon as we go out from our Alma Mater and our Fraternity we become sadly aware of the absence of the Fraternity home and our dear sisters. Our Alumni sisters can appreciate such feelings. As they look through the pages of this paper, may they be reminded of the cozy chapter room and the many pleasant evenings spent there! Although they have retired from active Fraternity life, we know that they still sympathize with us in our work and anxiously watch our development.

EVERY true Agonian counts as one of her greatest blessings the privilege of holding an interest in the Fraternity. It surely is a blessing; and one of which we can scarcely realize the many phases. When a girl becomes an Agonian, she is most cordially received into friendship and sisterhood with the members of the Fraternity; she is encouraged and aided at all times; her sisters are loyal to her through all, however trying the situation may be. Perhaps, however, friendship sums up all these privileges. What is a greater blessing? Giving and receiving friendship mean to us giving and receiving loyalty and sympathy. Does it not all constitute true happiness? The practicing and cultivating of these qualities lead to a growth in intellect and character. The good influences of our Fraternity do not cease when we leave school. They are too deeply imbedded in our hearts and minds.



### TO THE AGONIAN FRATERNITY:

"My eyes make pictures when they're shut," and in fancy I can see many an Agonian girl welcoming her fraternity paper, and I can but wish for some power the poets have, that I might send you such words of cheer and encouragement that it might truly be said:

"Only a thought; but the work it wrought  
Could never by tongue and lip be taught;  
For it ran through a life like a thread of gold,  
And the life bore fruit a hundred fold."

The school year is slipping away and the retrospective view of our fraternity work shows that our chapters have maintained that loyalty and devotion to our organization, which approaches the ideal.

Our Fraternity may well be likened to a sturdy tree which each year takes firmer hold in the earth from which it grows.

"Time, who steals our hours away," has rendered us good service in strengthening our organization. Each year of honest effort and of loyalty on the part of the chapters serves to make our Fraternity stronger and more enduring. We are richer in experience than we were a year ago, and thus we are better able to cope with the future. Turning from the retrospective to the prospective view of our Fraternity, we "Dipt into the future as far as human eye can see," and seem to behold it growing stronger, sturdier and more capable of usefulness. There will doubtless be hindrances to our growth, but we have, at least, begun to learn the lesson Lowell would teach us: "So from oft converse with life's wintry gales should man learn how to clasp with tougher roots the inspiring earth."

As the elements of the soil are changed into food for the tree and become its very life, so our meetings, conventions and publications generate that spirit of fraternal loyalty and affection, which sustain the life of the organization, and supply much of the nourishment which prevent it from becoming lifeless for we are told that, "True hearts compel the sap of sturdier growth."

Just as the tree sends out new branches from time to time, so have we added chapter after chapter to our society until we now number seven strong, distinct

yet united chapters, all of which are ready to protect and cherish the baby society, which has come to us this year and which we have christened the Eta Chapter. We are proud of this addition to our Fraternity, and our best wishes are extended to our new sisters at Jamaica.

Would it not be well, at this time, for each chapter to reflect on its year's history and measure its advancement, that the lessons learned may be more deeply impressed and that we may all be spurred on to greater effort in the coming months?

When the sap ceases to flow from the trunk to the branch the branch soon reveals the fact by its altered appearance. Thus when the true, loyal, uplifting spirit of our society cease to distill its life into a chapter, it must necessarily lose its strength and vigor. It behooves us to keep all channels open that the life-giving sympathy and love may flow unceasingly through our Fraternity.

Our individual members resemble the leaves of this strong tree. Much of the health of the tree depends upon the leaves and to every leaf is sent some of the nourishment drawn from the earth. The strong life of the tree permeates every leaf, for "The saps wells up with a drop for all, and that is life to them." And the leaf in turn contributes to the life of the structure by breathing in through its many pores just that substance which the tree demands. If the leaves refused to do their work the strength of the tree would soon be weakened. Yea, even one leaf which does not help to sustain the branch which carries it and thus perform its function, weakens to a slight degree the strength of the tree.

Our Fraternity strengthens each one mentally, morally and socially, and each sister can show her loyalty and gratitude for the help received by performing in the best way all the duties devolving upon her as an Agonian girl. Active members be active. Enjoy your privileges and remember that just so long as you receive the benefits of the fraternity and contribute little or nothing to its support that you are in reality robbing it of needed strength. In our fraternity life, just as in all life, give and take cannot be separated, but in reality we receive more than we can ever give. It has been beautifully said



that "True living is learning all about the giving." Much of the life of the chapter depends upon the girls who constitute it. When a chapter has girls of activity and perseverance, of purity and truth, of loyalty and strength, then will it be powerful for good.

We have often noticed when approaching a leafy tree, the purity and coolness of the air, and it is a well-known fact that the tree purifies the air about it by absorbing all the noxious qualities of the air and breathing forth a purer atmosphere. We love to linger among the trees and learn their lessons of silent growth, of enduring strength, of unconscious beauty and of great usefulness.

Just as the tree, should our organization breathe out a purifying, uplifting influence and thus unconsciously teach the many beautiful lessons which need to be taught.

There comes a time when the active part of the leaf's work is done, when it loosens its hold upon the twig and flutters reluctantly down, and loath to go farther nestles lovingly at the foot of the tree. Its active life is over; it must give its place to another. But the fallen leaf is loyal to the last and gives its substance to enrich the soil from which the tree draws its nourishment. It is useful, even when its place on the branch is usurped by another. Then, Alumni members, we still have a work to do, although our places may be filled with efficient workers.

Just as the leaves continue to be useful to the tree, so we may still help to strengthen our Fraternity by continuing loyal and maintaining our Agonian spirit and thus help in little, but still important ways.

Let us all hold higher than ever before our loved Gold, White and Blue, and may our fraternity grow as the trees grow—

"With head lifted straight to the sky,  
With roots holding fast as they lie  
In the richness below.  
With branches outspread to the sun pouring down  
And the dew,  
With the glorious infinite blue  
Stretching over the head."

Fraternally yours,  
HARRIETTE L. STRONG.

Epsilon Chapter.

### "PUENTA DE DIOS."

Far from noise of busy cities,  
In a tangled tropic wood,  
Where the air with song is vocal,  
In melodious solitude.

O'er the rocks a mountain river  
Rushes down to seek the sea,  
Madly, gladly plunges over  
Seeming happy to be free.

All around it tower the mountains  
Clothed in foliage fresh and green,  
Orchards with their wondrous beauty  
Adding color to the scene.

Palms and banyan trees surround it,  
Waving branches catch the spray  
As it whirls and dances downward  
On its happy ocean way.

Ferns in gracefulness unrivaled,  
Trailing vines and mosses rare,  
Brilliant flowers whose heavy perfume  
Scents the drowsy Summer air.

Birds whose plumage rivals blossoms  
And whose song is eden-sweet,  
Gather round the mountain torrent,  
Pour their treasures at its feet.

But the foaming rushing river  
When its steep descent is made,  
Finds a bridge of rock above it  
Changing sunlight into shade.

All its sparkling, merry waters  
Underneath the rock must flow;  
But again they seek the sunshine  
And the daylight beauty know.

On the other side emerging,  
Peaceful, quiet as a dream,  
Cool, and restful and refreshing  
Is the one time shallow stream.

"Bridge of God" the rock is christened  
In the liquid Spanish tongue,  
And it seems a fitting symbol  
For a simple English song.

Oft in life the Bridge of Sorrow  
Shuts the sunlight all away,  
Takes from us the dash and sparkle  
Of the happy, early day.



But if Constant like the river,  
Moving onward through the shade  
With a faith and hope unswerving,  
We shall see the darkness fade,

And, emerging, deeper, purer,  
Calmer, stronger, life will prove,  
Till we find the "Bridge of Sorrow,"  
"Bridge of God," and spanned by love.

—LIZZIE OGDEN SMITH.

### RUSHING A PHIL.

"Yes, there is no doubt about it, he is a Phil. from the tips of his swell patent leathers to the wave of his glorious hair, and girls we, collectively and individually, have got to work for him. Then assuming a tragical pose, and furthermore, most worthy sisters, as the majority of you already have a crush on somebody else I, Catherine Calista Crosby, rise to nominate myself head rusher in the great and glorious enterprise of capturing Clyde Hamilton Smith."

"Oh, Cathie, do be sensible for once. To hear your chatter one would think you hadn't seen a single man for six weeks, when in reality, it has been six men every single month."

"Well, there are men and *men* and this one will have to be my man or," humming, "I'll have no man at all and,—oh, girls, I've got it!"

"Did you mean 'it' or 'him' dear?"

"Oh, goosie, I meant 'it' of course, just as I said, but the aforesaid 'it' if managed properly may succeed in getting 'him.' You see its like this—I have a scheme. Mr. Smith comes down to the house real often with brother Tom to practice with Tom's new boxing gloves. Well, they always throw their coats in Tom's room and while they are busy boxing I can slip in, get Mr. Smith's coat and out again without their knowing anything about it. Then I can take Jack Gorton's Phil. pin, you know I have been wearing it lately, pin it on the coat and put the coat back in Tom's room. Of course as soon as Mr. Smith puts the coat on, Tom will see the pin, think he is pledged and congratulate him, and

like the old bear he is, he will be so enthusiastic that he won't notice Mr. Smith's confusion and when Mr. Smith denies having pledged of course Tom will think he is keeping it quiet for a little while and proceed to tell all the other boys. They in turn will welcome Mr. Smith to their ranks until there'll be no way out of it but for him to join the society. See?"

"There's a scheme worthy of a better purpose, Cathie, but for my part I think it a little impractical and besides it isn't exactly honorable."

"Oh bother your dear old conscientious head, Maud, honorable? of course it is, and as for being practical, well just come down this afternoon and watch developments."

At four o'clock on that same day Tom rushed into the Crosby apartments with Mr. Smith in his wake as scheduled and proceeded to act exactly as Cathie had predicted. She in turn was carrying out her plan. The coat had been obtained, the pin secured thereto and she was just about to return it to Tom's room when he and Mr. Smith appeared on the scene. "It is probaly just to rest a minute," thought Cathie, and slipped into her room with the coat. Presently she heard Tom slamming around in his room and at last he appeared at her door. "Cathie have you seen anything of Mr. Smith's coat? We left it in my room a few minutes ago, and what in the deuce has become of it is more than—" "Tom," severely, "not another word. The idea of accusing your own sister of molesting a gentleman's coat."

"Certainly, Miss Crosby, you are quite right. Tom ought not to have bothered you with such a trifling incident and I sincerely beg your pardon for being the cause of any annoyance to you. Tom, old boy, if you will just lend me a coat in which to get home, I'll be off and undoubtedly the missing article will put in an appearance sometime."

At 8:30 o'clock on that same day two girls robed in black and carrying a monstrous parcel appeared beneath the window of Mr. Smith's boarding place for, as Cathie had said, it would never do to confess to Tom and send the coat back by him. He would think it an underhanded trick and then she had denied to Mr. Smith knowing anything about it. No,



it must be taken back by herself and Maud must go along and watch. The coast was clear. They could see the family gathered in the library and Mr. Smith was down town with Tom, so she would slip in, leave the coat at the door of his room, and be back again in no time. She had deposited the parcel and was starting back when a door, a little way down the hall, and between herself and the stairway opened, a lady stepped out and came directly toward her. There was only one thing to do, so grabbing the coat she slipped in Mr. Smith's room. Whether or not this woman was moving the furniture from her room to the other end of the hall, piece by piece, Cathie never ascertained, but back and forth she went and thus it was that Mr. Smith, on entering the room a few minutes later heard a scramble and perceived a strange rustling of the curtains.

Burglars, of course, and rushing with outstretched arms to the window he grabbed the villain and turning to the light found himself embracing Tom's stunning sister, Miss Crosby, blushing, stammering, confused, and frantically hugging his coat. Thus the would-be captor was caught, but Mr. Smith still wears a Philaethæan pin and Cathie—well she wears something else and she still maintains that her scheme was successful, for didn't she catch him in the end.

FLOY TEFFT,  
Alpha Chapter.

### WILL IT ALL SEEM RIGHT SOME DAY?

How often our sunny mornings  
Are changed to days of gloom,  
And the beautiful buds of promise  
Are blighted before they bloom.  
We see not the silver lining  
Of the clouds that darken our way,  
But are blinded by raindrops of sorrow,  
Will it all seem right some day?

Were the days all bright and sunny,  
All free from pain and care,  
Our hearts would miss the blessing  
That comes to us through prayer.

So let us grasp more firmly  
The Hand that guides our way,  
For why we had to suffer,  
Will all seem right some day.

ELLA M. STRAIGHT,  
Gamma Chapter.

### THE SENORA.

"Well," said Vin, "wha' ah you all goin' to-day?"

"Oh, the haunted house," cried Alicia, "that is—I beg your pardon—I mean if it will not interfere with your other plans for us."

"Oh, not at all," said Dixie, gaily, "I do love to have people tell us what they like to do. It saves us the trouble of plannin'. As foh mamere, I certainly do think she was made foh a chaperone and of co'se Vin is always—"

"A votre service" laughed Vin bowing gallantly. "And now Dixie," with an elder brotherly air, "I reckon you'd bettah stop chatterin' and give ouah guests a chance to get ready. Its half aftah two now, so you all'd bettah make haste."

"Well good evenin', grandpere," cried Dixie with a saucy little courtesy, and we all ran laughing up the stairs.

While we were dressing, my mind went back to the scene of the evening before. We were seated around the fire place. Dixie, Alicia, two of Vin's Tulane friends, who had dropped in for the evening, Mrs. Latimer, Vin and I. It was one of those rather cool evenings, that sometimes come even to the "Sunny South" and the fire was comfortable as well as picturesque.

"What a lovely night for ghost stories," said Alicia, looking dreamily into the fire. "Won't you tell us one, Mrs. Latimer?"

And so after a little coaxing, Mrs. Latimer told us this story. I wish I might tell it to you as she did, with her soft Southern voice and pretty accent.

The scene was laid in the old French quarter of New Orleans, during the time of the Spanish rule. Of course, nearly all of the inhabitants were French then, and how the poor Creoles did hate the Spanish

and long for la belle France. Consequently the little Senora of my story was not immensely popular except with her own people.

She was very wealthy and owned a large number of slaves. She was, moreover, very beautiful. But she was not happy. One could tell that from a look at her sad pale face. She was often seen at the window but very seldom went out. For her husband had died only a few months before and she was still in mourning for him. The hearts of the more kindly turned toward her in her sorrow, but other envious of her beauty and wealth hardened their hearts and when unfavorable reports concerning her arose, many readily believed them.

It was whispered that she treated her slaves most cruelly. Groans and shrieks of pain were heard and there were dark hints of instruments of torture that would rival the inquisition in horror. The rumors increased until many, who had before been friendly, shuddered at the dreadful tales and wondered if so beautiful a face could hide a soul capable of such inhuman cruelty. A negro, belonging to one of the neighboring families, reported having caught a glimpse of one of these instruments of torture, which he described graphically and minutely, probably drawing upon his imagination for details. It would seem from his description that it resembled the racks upon which we have read, the martyrs were tortured in the days of the inquisition.

One by one the slaves of the Senora left her, and running as though for their lives, disappeared in the swamps outside the town, until there only remained two faithful servants, her old nurse and the coachman.

The lovely face of the Senora was seldom seen at the window now and there were only frowns and dark looks for her upon the faces of the passers-by. It was noticed when she did appear that her face was paler than ever and in the dark eyes there was a look of terror mingled with the sorrow. Her righteous condemners felt a pious joy in the fact that at least she was made to suffer for her crimes.

One evening just at sunset, as she stood at the window, looking with unutterable sadness and loneliness upon the scene without, she heard in the distance a muttering as of an approaching earthquake.

As it came nearer, she thought she distinguished voices. Shading her eyes with her hand, she looked down the road. What did it mean, that mass of angry people, shouting and muttering and waving clubs? One, watching from across the street, saw her disappear from the window.

The mob was drawing nearer. It was at the door, shouting and cursing and demanding that the Senora come forth. Suddenly, before they were aware (how it came there they could not tell) a carriage was at the door, and at the same instant, the door opened and the Senora, accompanied by one black servant, walked calmly down the steps and into the carriage. The carriage door was slammed and the horses were being driven rapidly down the street before the mob awoke from its stupor. Then with cries of disappointed rage, they rushed after the carriage, but all too late, for the Senora had disappeared from their sight forever.

Many and strange were the stories of this incident. Some declared that the carriage had sprung up from the earth and that the coal black horses were not horses but demons, driven by the evil one himself. One, who had followed the carriage farther than the others, said he saw the earth open and horses, carriage, driver and all, disappeared into the chasm.

The house, deserted, was shunned more than during the Senora's residence there, and those who ventured near there after dark reported that strange moans and shrieks as of souls in utmost torment proceeded from the deserted dwelling.

As the years went by and the population increased, new houses were built in the vicinity, and the superstitious fear of the "haunted house" almost died out. The city had now been purchased by the Americans, and the active, enterprising newcomers, were looked upon with disdain and distrust by the easy-going, luxury-loving Creoles.

One of these enterprising strangers decided to enlarge and renovate the long deserted house of the Senora. Accordingly, he employed men to clear the grounds, preparatory to digging a new foundation. One of the negroes, thus employed, unearthed some bones and dropping his spade, fled in alarm. News of the discovery spread rapidly and some of



the older negroes, recalling the stories told them by their parents, increased the panic by their tales. The negroes refused to work and the Northerner was obliged to desist from the undertaking.

"Tha' ah some people," concluded Mrs. Latimer, "friends or descendants of the Senora, who do not believe these stories. They say that a moah chahmin', lovable woman, than this much abused lady, nevah existed, and that these stories arose from the supahstitutions of the negroes and the envy of huh less prosperous neighbabs. These people say that the supposed instrument of tortuah was a device employed by the Senora's physician foh correctin' some spinal trouble of huh's and that the groans wuh those of the poah Senora, huhself. They say that the Senora's house was built on the ruins of an old convent and that the bones wuh those of nuns buried thaah. I reckon, puhhaps, they ah right but a great many people wou'dn't believe it, and of co'se only poah people live in that paht of the city, now."

We found the once historic house on one of the poorest of the many narrow streets that one finds on the French side of New Orleans. Elbowed on either side by dirty and decayed old houses, that like itself perhaps "had seen better days," we should scarce have noticed it, but for our guide. Through the half open door, we could see the wreck of the once beautiful stairway, that doubtless her little feet had often climbed, and in the light, reflected from a stained glass window to the marble floor below, played a dirty Italian baby.

ETHEL L. BROWN,  
Beta Chapter.

### IN CLOUDLAND.

Slowly the fringe of the hammock moves in the wind  
'neath the pine trees,  
Lazily, carelessly, soothingly rocked by the touch of  
the breeze,  
Languidly bend the boughs to the sluggish water  
beneath them,  
Dreamily clouds drift over like strange ships from the  
far distant seas.  
Soothed by the splashing of waves and the song of the  
wind in the branches,

Just on the border of dreamland I watch the soft  
masses float o'er,  
Into the depth of the ether they pass and their out-  
lines fantastic  
Carry rich cargoes of fancies from mem'ries invisible  
shore.

Idly I watch as soft heaps of the rose-tinted vapor,  
Drifting and melting, uniting again blend anew,  
In fresh colors and forms, each than the last more  
exquisite.  
Slowly familiar shapes appear on the background of  
blue.

Here in a fleecy boat come maidens with eyes clear  
and glowing,  
Bound by Agonia's ties in friendship and pledges so  
true,  
Now with the gleam of the sky, the white drifts of  
the clouds and the sunlight,  
Softly the breezes are blending their colors, the gold,  
white and blue,

Far in the west, in the purple and gold of the sunset,  
Royalties own chosen tints, throwing glory on mea-  
dows below,  
Gleaming through all the glamour of romance around  
them,  
Waiting, our brothers stand, as in days of the sweet  
long ago.

Days of delight, of sweet hope of rewarded exertion,  
Days when our loyalty, truth and devotion were  
stirred,  
Days when brave forces, rallying around chosen  
leaders,  
Triumphed; with never a whisper of faltering or  
weariness heard.

Yet is this the end? Through the wide open gates to  
the westward  
Blue, white and purple and gold pass, mingled with  
fire,  
And in the glory the trailing cloud shapes leave be-  
hind them,  
Bright shines the goal of our long cherished hope and  
desire.

Onward and upward and brighter points a beam  
from the clouds of the sunset,  
Forward to nobler endeavors, to loftier hopes and  
desire,  
Till the flash, reaching the zenith, broadens and  
widens and deepens,  
Cloudland's own portent of triumph for which true  
Agonians aspire.

Geneseo, N. Y. COLEENA M. STEWART,  
Alpha Chapter.

### THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE ALMA MATER AND ALUMNI.

The relations between the alma mater and alumni are always of interest to under-graduates of an institution. Whether the alma mater gives more assistance to the alumni than is returned, or vice versa; or whether there exists that better state where each grows stronger and better by an equal share in the giving and receiving is what we wish to discover in this article.

A normal school necessarily involves questions which make the point harder to settle, by reason of the fact that it is becoming our institution of training instead of a place where higher education is dispensed. However, we have no time to make the point clear.

Primarily, then, the aid which our alma mater may render to alumnus or alumna, will be along one, perhaps more of several lines; namely, the financial, the social, the educational, the political. There may be others, but these seem to be the main ones.

As soon as the normalite is sure of finishing at the next commencement, naturally the question of a position for the next year arises. In this the school, through its principal, is of invaluable assistance; still this seems to be between the school and an undergraduate, although its effect is as between the alumnus and alma mater. But, a position once secured, is there still a channel open between school and teacher whereby the teacher may receive more nourishment; i. e., a better position; or does the relation more generally cease, and some agency become the source of future advancement? So much for the financial. It is scarcely necessary to discuss the second, for we all believe that gentlemen and ladies are born, not made. And unquestionably social position depends largely on individual gentility.

In the educational line, the alma mater does not seem to offer as much as she might. True, there is usually a little post-graduate work offered in one or more lines, but scarcely enough to make it worth while. If each institution were provided with a single college scholarship, it would do much to for-

ward the cause of higher education and serve as a stimulus to the alumnus.

Politically, of course, there is none; and it is better so. Now for the other side of the argument. How does, or may the alumnus aid the school? First of all, by doing his best when he becomes a teacher. It is the teachers made by the school, not those employed in it, that give it its reputation as a normal school. The fact that so many of our graduates hold respected positions speaks for itself on this line. Secondly, by recommending his alma mater to pupils deserving a normal education. This has more weight than it may seem to possess.

A third influence possessed by the alumni is as regards the faculty of the alma mater. There are always channels of intercourse between undergraduates and alumni; also between alumni and classmates. So any inefficiency in the staff of the school once detected by the pupil finds its way to the alumni, who regret that it is so. Alumnus, now a principal, perhaps gray-haired, married and respected, is asked to write of his alma mater. "It is a good school, but deficient in the chair of K. C. B." He feels bound to tell the truth, because an untruth would do greater injury in the end. As a result the questioner finds another school where the chair in K. C. B. is what it should be and sends his sons or daughter or nephew, niece or friend there, as the case may be.

Result: smaller attendance at alma mater. Investigation. New teacher in K. C. B.

So we find that the students are not connected with the school for the two, three, four or more years that precede graduation. On the contrary, the relation is one that lasts through the life time of the student. That the alumnus should do more for the alma mater than is done for him is perfectly fair, even as the grown-up son cares for the aged mother.

Let us hope that more organized movements among alumni may soon be made, for such would not only aid its members, but would spread out to embrace the people we meet and would reach through time and space and bind us to our alma mater with stronger, firmer bonds, and greater affection.

J. ANNA BUTLER,

Delta Chapter.

## "TO MY AGONIAN SISTERS."

I had a message which I wished to send,  
A loving greeting to my absent friends.  
I knew not how to send it, but I asked  
The winter wind, snow-laden as it passed,  
If it would bear on pinion swift and strong  
Unto my friends, my little song.

It answered with its breath of ice and snow,  
"Ye know not how the winter winds do blow.  
The summer breeze might carry your behest;  
We bear the cold ice-storms within our breast."  
I asked a sunbeam pale, that shone one day,  
If it would bear my message on its way;  
It said, while fading in the sky,  
"We shine but for a moment, and then die."

I asked a bird that rested on a tree,  
If it would be a messenger for me;  
"I fly to lands of light and sun," he said,  
"Already am I late, the snow is spread."  
"And I have miles to cross the ocean foam,  
"Before I reach my happy, sunny home."

And then I said, in sorrowful despair,  
There is not one my little song to bear;  
How can I send my message to its home?  
Just then a sweet thought whispered in my ear,  
Sing out thy song and leave thy friends to bear,  
E'en as the song once breathed into the air

Seemed lost, because the singer knew not where  
The melody had floated, for his sight  
Was not so strong that he could watch its flight;  
Yet after, when the years had grown full long,  
Within a true friend's heart he found his song.  
And so, through sunshine or through clouds I send

This message of my heart to you, O friends.

"THE MESSAGE."

"Fair as the glistening snow,  
Bright as the summer's glow,  
Free from all strife,  
Fresh as the sparkling seas,  
So run your lives  
Fragrant with deeds of love;  
Safe from all fears,  
Thy heart with sweet peace filled,  
With Heaven's music thrilled,  
So run thy years."

HONORA MCNAMARA,  
Delta Chapter.

## APPLESEED.

Intry mintry cutery corn,  
Appleseed and applethorn,  
Wire briar, limber lock  
Six grey geese in a flock.

Billy Peaselee didn't go any farther with the taunting rhyme, for the core which the little girl had nibbled past hope, struck the teasing bully squarely on the cheek, and he stopped to bury the offended feature in his blue jacket sleeve.

Appleseed extracted another apple from her apron-pocket, and, having carefully polished it, took a generous bite. Then with a careless shake of her head, she picked up her stick, and turned her attention once more toward her geese with a parting shot toward the school house of,

"One flew east and one flew west  
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest."

It truly was an unusual sight, this slip of a girl following contentedly in the wake of the deacon's flock. Doubtless, in all Massachusetts on that bright May morning, no child, save this, was playing "goose-girl." And yet, Appleseed was blissfully unconscious that, while she minded geese, young America, *en masse*, was pouring over the mysterious pages of learning. But she was by no means ignorant. In fact her real name bespoke more than ordinary birth. The southern mother who had left the baby girl just toddling alone, had bestowed upon the child a more Christian appellation than the eccentric nickname, while the distinguished "Standish," added dignity to the pretty Maryland "Shirley."

In true rustic fashion the little maid plodded through the arithmetic to compound numbers,—and these she learned at the country store. For hours at a time, did Aunt Abigail Standish discourse on geography and history, until in despair, poor Appleseed would fly to the little stream behind the barn, and in the soft clayey banks, solve the problems of capes and bays. Perhaps it was this tendency to learn directly from Nature, that first prompted the deacon "to turn her out with the stock," as an angry neighbor expressed it, but, be that as it may,



the "outrageous" occupation developed Shirley's physical self, as the stinging of Billy Peaselee's cheek could certify. Miss Abigail sometimes wore a pained expression when reports of these boyish caprices were borne home to her, but the hearty support of the indulgent father overcame Miss Abigail's half-doubting heart. So Appleseed tended her geese, and studied, unconsciously, the marvelous, wide, wide world, while her more fortunate (?) neighbors were bending over the dog-eared pages of speller or 'rithmetic.

On this particular morning, while Appleseed sat happily under the gnarled old trees, satisfying her appetite for their fruit, her most bitter enemy, the lad of the swollen cheek, turned his geography upside down, endeavoring to plan an attack. The teacher's gentle voice fell on his ear like a summons from afar off, and his thoughts wandered on until a grim smile broke out over his swollen face, and he righted his book with a will. The inspiration he had waited, had come.

If Appleseed wondered at the unusual deference in his manner next day, she said nothing, and answered his "Mornin'," cheerily. He was hanging over the fence, and she stood tying up the braids of her brown hair with a soiled red ribbon. "Say," he began, half embarrassed, "what did you say 'bout them geese flyin'?" Appleseed told him. "Wich un flew over the cuckoo's nest?" he questioned persistently. Appleseed turned up her saucy little nose. "Third," she laughed, and ran away.

Billy did not stop to reason upon the philosophy of the proposition. He merely meant to watch the third goose, for he knew that in all Appleseed's collection of bird's eggs (and it was by no means a poor one), not a single cuckoo's egg was to be found. "Too lazy to watch," muttered Billy, and again he failed to reflect on the philosophy of his statement.

But how diligently he watched! "'Rithmetic, readin' and spellin'" were called at the little brown school house, but Billy, watching slyly the goose-girl and her flock, minded neither time, nor the probable consequences of his delinquency. Did he fall asleep? Certainly he had counted two when he was roused from a reverie, in time to see a pair of

grey wings sweep around the corner of the corn-barn, and stop suddenly in the tall pine tree. Surely this was the third, and all alert in a moment, he crept toward his goal.

And oh! the rapture of that moment, when, with a chickadee's egg in his fat hand, he climbed laboriously down. The prize was his. Yet somehow, his happiness was not unalloyed, for he knew of the "lickin'" in store, both at school and in his father's shed, and though the teacher's voice was gentle, her hand was as firm as Appleseed's.

And Appleseed! To his dying day William Peaselee will remember the look of scorn with which Shirley Standish looked at his treasure and then tossed it into the deep meadow grass where it stained the violets nestling against Mother Earth. But in the uncouth youngster, a new respect was born for the little goose-girl, and ambition stirred in his heart. Yet so, through childhood's years, sped their quarrels.

Ten years, like circumstances, will alter cases, and when, at twenty, Appleseed, the goose-girl, came home from college to minister to the needs of the feeble father and Aunt Abigail. Shirley Standish, in her Sophomore year, was a different being from the pinafores child of ten who had eaten apples and worn out her elbows. Her years of play had built a body strong and graceful, and her early love for Nature had led to a higher study of the great teacher. No one called Miss Standish "Appleseed," now, and best of all there was no Billy Peaselee to fling that hateful rhyme at her. Where he was, no one thought to tell her, and she never thought to ask.

One afternoon, returning from the little glen with her specimen box and text-book, humming a song as she walked over the dusty path, there seemingly rose, before her, a real college man, fastidious of apparel, and of not unkindly personal features. Forgetful of self, Shirley stopped, her dimpled hand still clutching at her muslin gown, her book-strap dangling from her other arm. Only for a moment, the two stared at each other, then "Appleseed," and "Billy," in a breath, to be immediately supplemented by their grown-up names. As he turned to

walk with her, a sudden impulse bade her ask him home to tea, and no lad could resist Shirley Standish.

Her only thought was, that at least, in this little hamlet, she had found one from her own world, and from his intelligent conversation, the young hostess soon decided that he knew a cuckoo's egg now, at least, and she felt strongly tempted to laugh as she wondered if he knew beans.

The summer days that followed were happy ones, under the gnarled apple boughs. Shirley sat again and ate apples and talked science with Mr. Peaselee, or together they investigated the mysteries of a promising specimen of rock.

And with September, Shirley had, not without misgiving, laid aside her course, while filial duties claimed her, and her old-time friend was to return to Harvard and life, he said, and for some strange reason, Shirley didn't like to hear him say it.

It was the last day of vacation. They had been for a walk and had wandered into the little ravine whither so many rambles had led them. The afternoon drew to a close and in her friend's eyes there had shown a danger signal that Shirley half feared, and yet must needs obey. "You'll write," she ventured at length, finding the silence rather oppressive, and was amazed at his prompt, curt "No."

He must have read the disappointment in her eyes for he added presently, and in a gentle tone, "I wish I might, but—well—you don't know—what—I want. Shirley colored, but said shyly, "What?" Moved beyond himself he caught her hand suddenly, and as suddenly dropped it, then turned and began the ascent. The girl stood still. "Mr. Peaselee," she spoke half wistfully. He waited. Shirley held out her firm, dimpled hand, and looked up. He stood passive.

"Why don't you take it, Billy, if you want it?" she half whispered up the little glen, and then felt a childish desire to run away and tell it to the geese. "They'd understand," her practical nature said.

"Appleseed," cried the lad. "Appleseed," but he took "it" and more.

And Appleseed brushed her brown hair from her sparkling eyes and ran hurriedly up the cliff. Half way, she paused, and sent down a smile, half merry, half tender. "But your college course, dear,"

called the happy man. Shirley looked down the valley, then back to the figure below her. "Bother college," she said, and with a sweet confiding gesture, "Come on Billy."

And together they walked across the meadows, hand in hand.

PRISCILLA GRIFFITH,  
Gamma Chapter.

### FROM O'ER THE SEA.

From o'er the distant sea  
Strange fancies come to me;  
And flitting shapes and gleams  
Fill all the day with dreams,  
That flash upon my thought  
From angel visions caught,  
Then dim and die away  
Like fading light of day.

And from that far-off land  
By gentle breezes fanned  
Faint melodies I hear;  
And to my listening ear  
They come, as low and sweet  
As when the winds repeat,  
In saddened union key,  
Their tenderest mystery.

While deep within my heart  
The glad true echoes start,  
As when afar I roam  
And one clear note from home  
Arrests my wandering feet,  
And memories sad and sweet  
A moment check the tide  
Of pomp and worldly pride.

Is it from spirit realm,  
This tide that overwhelms  
My wondering soul in me  
In silent ecstasy?  
Me-thinks it must be so,  
And though I may not know,  
Still it is sweet to me  
This light from o'er the sea.

JEANNE SMITH,  
Beta Chapter.

## JOURNEYING WITH CELEBRITIES.

It was toward the close of a beautiful summer day that I sat looking over the glistening waters of the Hudson River. This place was a favorite haunt of mine and often I had sat there musing on the adventures of the early Dutch Explorers.

To-day as I sat idly gazing ahead, I noticed a black speck in the distance. At first I only gazed at it languidly, but as it grew and assumed proportions my interest was aroused. This surely was not one of the trim launches or steamers which one so frequently sees on the river. It was quite too bulky and slow moving. Certainly, I had never before seen anything like it. As it came nearer I saw that this ship was very old and resembled the pictures I had seen of Henry Hudson's ship, "The Half Moon." Surely it must be some deception, but no, there it was, the self same name.

I had now arisen and stood gazing at it in breathless amazement. I soon became aware that some one on the ship was signalling to me. At length a small, queer shaped boat shot away from the ship's side and came directly across the river, toward the place where I stood.

What queer occupants! What ancient clothes they wore! I rubbed my eyes and gazed again, but they were surely there and hailing me. I had only a primitive knowledge of the language which they spoke, but I was able to make out that I was to go on board the boat. I was loath to go but some unseen power seemed to propel me forward.

I was soon landed on the vessel and then I gazed about me in wonderment. Everything seemed to be hundreds of years behind the times.

The men were short of stature and wore knee breeches and tall hats. Silently the ones who had brought me hither led me below and ushered me into the presence of one who I straightway saw was in command of the ship. His dress was similar to that of the other men except more elaborate. On his shoes were shining silver buckles while his dress was a wonderful combination of blue velvet and yellow satin. I had no difficulty in recognizing in that individual my beloved hero, Henry Hudson.

Although so gorgeously dressed there was some-

thing uncanny about him and I heartily wished that I was a thousand miles from him. He courteously addressed me, telling me that as a favor for the interest I had always manifested in him and his crew, he had invited me to come on board his renowned ship. After I had drunk of the delicious wine which Henry offered me, my misgivings vanished like rain-drops before the genial heat of the noon-day sun.

At length we went on deck. Such a sight as met my eyes! What a wide diversity in dress and looks! Surely this must be a masquerade.

As nearly as I could make out they were preparing for some kind of a feast. In one corner was a fire over which was hung a huge kettle from which came savory odors. At one side stood a black robed figure busily engaged in stirring the soup. Who could mistake that majestic figure of Mark Antony? He lifted the cover, dipped a spoon into the kettle, and made a wry face and then sang out: "Lizzie, oh Lizzie, bring to me the salt." With the greatest curiosity I awaited the appearance of Lizzie. Soon she came tripping along, a golden crown upon her head, a cup of salt within her hand. Deftly she salted the food and then thrust Mark Antony aside and she herself proceeded to stir.

As I stood lost in wonderment at the actions of the Virgin Queen of England, my attention was attracted to another part of the deck, from whence came angry sounds. I caught the words "immortal soul." What a sight it was! There stood the famous atheist, a huge oyster in his hand, decanting to the great evangelist on the immortality of the soul. Both I could see were angry. Suddenly the atheist took from his pocket a large knife. With a shudder I turned away waiting to hear the cry of anguish which necessarily must follow. Not hearing anything I looked up just in time to see him cut the oyster in two and give half to his companion. Their hands met in a fervent clasp and then I realized that over the dead body of the oyster, Ingersoll and Moody had made a lasting covenant.

Just at that moment my host came up to me and asked me to act as judge in an oratorical contest which was about to take place. I wondered who the contestants might be, but I was not left long in suspense. On a large platform sat Daniel Webster and



Demosthenes. Both were pale with excitement, and a feeling of expectation pervaded the whole audience. On a large silver dish directly in front of them, was a good-sized oyster. This, Henry informed me, was the prize.

Demosthenes arose first and poured forth such eloquence as moved the hearts of Grecians years ago. He sat down amid thunderous applause.

Then Daniel arose. I had been charmed by the eloquence of Demosthenes but I was held spell-bound by my own countryman. The minute he began to speak I knew who would bear the palm for he spoke not idly but with a purpose. His eyes never once left the object for which he was so valiantly striving.

As soon as he sat down I immediately arose and declared him the winner of the prize. I turned to look at Demosthenes and I perceived that his eyes were full of tears as he saw his opponent bear away the oyster. From the angry glances which the ancients cast upon me, I could see that they were dissatisfied with my decision, so I quickly wended my way to the other end of the deck where I saw a large crowd assembled. In the midst of the crowd hand in hand stood Henry VIII and Brigham Young. Both were earnestly beseeching the people to beware of that treacherous snare Matrimony. Large tears rolled down Henry's cheeks as he proceeded, and it was evident that he knew whereof he spoke.

Not being interested in this and being very tired I hastened toward a large screen which I noticed at one end, but I retreated as precipitously as I entered for behind the screen sat Napoleon Bonaparte and Cleopatra. They evidently didn't wish to be disturbed, so disconsolately I wandered about.

I noticed a solitary figure sitting in the corner. He was evidently much interested in the book which he was reading. As I came nearer I saw that it was none other than Nero busily engaged in reading, "Quo Vadis."

Again I turned toward the corner where dinner was being prepared. Mark Antony was just dishing out the oysters, while Helen of Troy, and Iphigenia were preparing dinner. Dinner was soon announced and silently they filed in. At the head of the table sat Henry Hudson. At his left Elizabeth, and at his right, Mary Queen of Scots.

I noticed that Mary did not eat heartily, but I afterwards learned she had been afflicted with throat trouble ever since her experience on the block. What a crowd there was. As I looked down the long table I recognized many that I had hitherto not seen on board, namely: Cæsar, Virgil, Alexander, Christopher Columbus and George Washington.

I noticed that between Brigham Young and Henry VIII was a vacant place. I walked around and stood opposite the chair. On the back I read the inscription, "Roberts, Utah, U. S. A." At the end of the table I noticed other vacant seats, and on the back of these chairs I read first, William McKinley, U. S. A.; secondly, Queen Victoria, United Kingdom's Great Britain; third, Susan B. Anthony, Promoter of Woman's Right's; Senator Hoar, Anti-Expansionist, and Li Hung Chang, the Great Chinese Statesman.

I realized that for all these, places had been prepared and sooner or later they too would go sailing together on this ship laden with its shades of great mortals. Suddenly there came a great crash. Everything became black and I felt the ship slowly but surely gliding away from beneath me. I sank into the water but boldly struck out for shore and soon climbed dripping upon the bank. Once more I turned to look. I saw the quaint bark freighted with its mysterious shades, grow fainter and fainter and fade away into the common light of day, while the glistening waters of the Hudson, as ever before, rolled smoothly into the sea.

GRACE BRADLEY,  
Alpha Chapter.

### THE EPSILON CHAPTER ROOM.

The Agonian Chapter room is in the south-west corner on fourth floor of North Hall. The room is large and contains five windows which are hung with gold and white draperies. This year the room has been newly furnished. The walls are covered with heavy blue paper bordered with gold and blue. On them hang several pictures of Philaethæan and Agonian groups, also several beautiful landscape

scenes, which have been presented by friends and members of the fraternity. The floor is covered with velvet carpet, the design of which is yellow roses on a background of blue.

In the east side of the room is the president's chair and desk, over which are the letters A. K. painted in gold and blue. In the north side is the piano which was purchased by the fraternity last year. The room is heated by steam and lighted by electricity. On the whole we have a very pleasant and attractive Chapter room.

F. I. W.

### LITERARY WORK IN THE FRATERNITY.

Literary work is undoubtedly a most important factor in the composition of our Normal School Fraternities, both in regard to the general advancement of the Fraternity in itself, and to its inward and outward strengthening. In considering literary work in one of our fraternity chapters, it would be well to consider the characteristics, of the formation, purpose and general work of the Fraternity, as compared with other school societies, doing literary work exclusively, or on the other hand, doing none at all.

In most of the Normal schools, wherein our chapters have been organized, there are the so-called "Literary Societies." Therefore, it will be easy to compare the relative strength of organizations thus thrown together in this work. The Literary Society or "Open Society," as it is sometimes called in distinction from the Fraternity, seems, to a disinterested observer, weak in its evident lack of unity and concord. Even though its literary work may be of an excellent standard, and its members, as individuals, seem to strive for the general welfare of their society, it cannot reach that high grade of excellence, in which the literary work will tend to best upbuild the members, unless there is a firm bond of brotherhood and sisterhood between them. And it is the purpose of the Normal School Fraternity, founded to afford "a closer union than the ordinary Literary Society affords," to ensure this bond of fraternal feeling, so as to open to its mem-

bers the way to the best possible results from their efforts, and to assure them that they have heartfelt co-operation in their desire for self-culture.

Going to the other extreme in school societies, we have the Fraternity as it exists to-day in the larger colleges. These organizations are as essentially different in their purpose and results from our Normal School Fraternities in one direction as the Literary Societies are in the other. Founded and existing on the strength of brotherhood alone, their benefits lie wholly in that direction, and the general provisions for the culture of the individual members through work along literary lines is left to other means.

Thus have we distinguished the Normal School Fraternity as regards literary work, from its other associated school societies. From this comparison we can safely assert that our Fraternities, as a medium for our individual culture and refinement, gather their strength from their embodiment of the best and strongest features, which can be suited to our needs, of both the Literary Society and the so-called College Fraternity. Beyond merely doing the work of the Literary Society for our own elevation and pleasure, we are doing it with the assurance and satisfaction that we are in close touch with our fellow members, and that they are regarding and helping our efforts in such a manner as can come only from a close and dear feeling of fraternization.

The different classes of literary work that are both pleasant and elevating which will accomplish all that is desired, provided they are properly nourished, are so numerous and familiar that they need not be discussed. If it is only perceived that literary work occupies a just place in our Fraternities, and that in them the best results can come of such work, it is of less importance into what direction the general current of the work tends in the individual chapters. But it does seem that for one desirous of getting the most possible good out of school society life, morally, mentally and socially, that is, as regards the formation of character, the Normal School Fraternity, founded for this very purpose, and embodying the strongest principles of all school societies, is the best and most fitting medium.

E. H. W.

Delta Chapter, Philaetheæan Frat.

## MRS. FISKE AS "BECKY SHARP."

With the month of September there came to New York play lovers a rare treat in the form of "Becky Sharp." "Vanity Fair," as well as all the rest of Thackeray's works, is poorly adapted to the playwright, inasmuch as it is a continuous stream of finely spun, deluding and intellectual distinctions. The supple grace of the author's literary style would call to force all the genius of any playwright, and Langdon Mitchell's dramatization of the above work has revealed his phenomenal power in the art. This play and its production merit the term "real greatness" applied to them; it is so seldom an occurrence that it is worthy of recording.

Had the play been as powerful as the acting the effect produced would have been astounding. While the drama is strong and wonderfully effective in the last three acts, the first act lacks a proper dramatic spirit, although it repeatedly calls forth the ardent admiration of the spectator with thrilling and picturesque scenes.

In her portrayal of the character, Becky, Mrs. Fiske has ideally personified the Becky of the novel. She has temporarily cast aside all her mannerisms, to devote her every power to the assumed character. Her greatest genius lies in her fine intellect, a most important factor in the conception of so complex a character as Becky is later in the story, when she becomes Mrs. Rawdon Crawley.

In the first act we find her playing gaily and saucily with life; lying when she sees fit, and then when caught, turning it aside in the most unconcerned manner; ever witty and with a hearty contempt for stupidity; full of practical instinct and with a clever comprehension of every motive.

In the second act she exhibits her ability to fascinate men, but it grows troublesome, the number becomes so great. This act presents the ball of the Duchess of Richmond, at Brussels, wherein is reached one of the most dramatic triumphs of stage management. The players are grouped about in the brilliantly lighted hall, amusing themselves in various ways. There is a continuous and graceful coming and going, breaking the otherwise imminent monotony of the scene. We notice a man standing at the

head of the first flight of stairs. A soldier enters, walks up the steps, speaks to the man and departs, another comes in in the same way and in a like manner goes. Then George Osborne, who is playing picquet with Becky, suddenly departs. Another officer is quietly detached from the gamblers, then another and yet another. A third soldier enters, bespattered with mud, who rushes up the stairs precipitately. A young man at the end of the hall starts and listens. He thinks he has heard something but his companions laugh at his suspicions. The fun goes on. Another player starts from his group and listens, but his cries are drowned with laughter. Soon there is a sound faintly perceptible to us. Gradually more and more of the guests perceive it and there is a manifestation of nervousness and fear on the part of many, then the realization of the awful truth is depicted on their countenances. Finally comes the call to arms, accompanied by rhythmic beat of drum and methodical boom, boom of cannon. The dispersion of the excited and tumultuous crowd is rapid and at last, all, save Becky, have gone, and she is now ready for her scene with Jos. The climax reached at this point is so tremendous, its preparation so gradual, and the creeping in of the fear so natural and vivid, that the emotions of the auditors are identical with those of the actors.

To Mrs. Fiske is due the entire applause for admirable stage effects, for she is both leading actor and stage manager.

L. M.

Epsilon Chapter.

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Life has but one problem to solve, how self may be driven from the throne and love placed there in its stead.—Frances E. Willard.

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The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,  
When at the eternal gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone  
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that gate no toll;  
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,  
And live because he lives.



## THE LEGEND OF THE FUSCHIA.

Come sit by my side my children  
While the embers bright burn low,  
And I'll tell you the old, old story  
That happened long years ago.

On the lowly brow of Mount Calvary  
Where our Saviour was crucified,  
When the pitiless nails pierced hand and foot,  
And the cruel steel His side,

'Tis said that a pitying angel  
Knelt at the foot of the cross;  
And prayed that the blood drops flowing  
From His wounds might not be lost;

But given some form of beauty  
As a jewel or crimson bud,  
To remind us of our Redeemer  
Who purchased our souls with His blood.

Then slowly the angel ascended;  
And lo! at the foot of His cross  
In the morn stood the fuschia bright blooming,  
The emblem of gain and of loss.

To this mystical drooping flower  
No richness of perfume was given,  
For its fragrance was borne with His spirit  
As incense of love to heaven.

But a thought of deepest meaning  
To the world it doth impart,  
Words of hope and love and comfort,  
God has written on its heart.

There's a message for all, my children,  
Folded in each flower that blows,  
He is blind who fails to read it,  
Blessed he, who reads and knows.

MAUD A. NEWCOMB,  
Zeta Chapter.

## MANSFIELD IN AUTUMN.

Some one has said, that when an Artist "finds himself face to face alone with nature, he will discover that he has no colors. The very Garden of Eden seems to tower there before him, yet he can not attempt to paint it." Even so words are vain things.

In few places has Nature put forth a more varied

beauty than among the hills of Northern Pennsylvania. She does not give us here the grandeur of towering mountain, cliff and precipice, the expansive beauty of lake and river, the billowing roll of field and prairie, but she has seemed to try, what can be done with simple hills and valleys, little rills and varied forests.

Nestled in one of these narrow valleys, hemmed in on all sides by irregular lines of hills, lies Mansfield. So beautifully shaded are its streets and gardens, that, looking down upon it, one sees but a collection of roofs, with here and there a heavenward pointing spire rising above the mass of foliage.

The hillsides are dotted with grove and woodland, orchard and farm, presenting a different picture from every view-point.

At the foot of the western hills, babbling noisily between willow shaded banks, or suddenly broadening out, and slackening its pace, to mirror on its bosom the shaded banks, flows the narrow stream we Mansfieldians call "the river."

Perhaps our most beautiful view is to the North. On either side of the valley the hills stretch away in a succession of high knolls and peaks, drawing nearer and nearer together, until in the blue distance they seem to meet another range crossing their way at right angles. The valley is blocked. We are shut in from the great world without, but imprisoned by such magnificent, multi-colored walls, that the soul is filled with admiration.

Look off to the southward. The valley is wider, the western hills roll off in gentler mood. But see that great mountain pushing its huge shoulder out into our little basin, from the eastern side. It speaks such strength and endurance, that one sits down to rest with a feeling that the everlasting hills are indeed a fortress, a rock of defense, and realizes the peace that comes from the "shadow of a great rock."

But are we really so closed in by all these hills? Is there no outlet save over their tops? Ah! there is the counterpart of our own valley, narrower, perhaps steeper hillsides, less room for all the glory, but the scene is repeated again and again in every direction.

The seasons vie with each other. Spring spreads

her misty veil over the elms, hangs the maples full of crimson and green fringes, calls out the birch and alder tassels to catch the passing breeze, and fills the air with bird notes. Summer brings denser shade, deeper coloring, but it remains for Autumn to give Mansfield crowning beauty

"Bright yellow, red and orange,  
The leaves come down in hosts;  
The trees are Indian Princes,"—

and never was dusky prince more gorgeously arrayed. There is prodigality of color, the dark green of the conifers enhancing the brilliancy of other varieties.

The maples are on fire with their crimson and gold. The sturdy oaks have donned their deeper browns, maroons and shaded reds. The scarlet sumacs decorate the old gray trunks, and late golden-rod and purple asters crowd the roadside. Here and there a gentian lifts its sightless eyes in vain endeavor to open petals forever closed. The bitter-sweet shows its scarlet berries, and the clematis its feathery cluster.

What is man, that the Creator should bestow upon him such a habitation? No wonder the belated birds utter notes of praise in their southward flight. Can a human being with an immortal soul, look upon the encompassing beauty without raising a song of praise to "God from whom all blessings flow?"

It is sunset, and all about us there is "witchcraft of color." The west is filled with wooly clouds, the wool of the Fleece of Gold. Across the northern sky stretch purple and amber bars, through which the gold-green light shimmers and fades. High up in the zenith where the frost clouds are, it is "beautifully mottled, like blue marble with exquisite veinings nebulosities."

Night comes on. The golden glow turns to violet. The stars come out, and our little valley is asleep.

—An Agonian in Normal Quarterly.

Nature arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other. There are no two whose talents are rivals, or whose gifts conflict or interfere.—Emerson.

## FAVORITE QUOTATIONS.

### ZETA CHAPTER

Happy were men if they understood that there is no safety but in doing good.

Punctuality is one of the secrets of success.

Patient waiters are no losers.

When one sets about to live a grand life man cannot interrupt him and God will not.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough  
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.  
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,  
And speak of those to rest the listening ear  
Of earth so hurt by one continuous strain  
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without  
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt,  
If you have faith in God or man or self  
Say so, if not push back upon the shelf  
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come.  
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

—Selected.

## REBECCA AND ROWENA.

Rebecca's life was one of strength. As she entered the tournament at Ashby, leaning on her father's arm, her whole bearing displayed the quiet dignity which betokens great reserve power. This, augmented by her beauty of a Jewish type, and by the rich garments of her attire, failed not to attract the notice of the jealous maidens near her.

While returning from the tournament, and in the deep recesses of the wooded country, Rowena and her train are alarmed by cries for assistance. On riding up to the place from which the sounds proceeded, they found, on the ground, a litter containing a sick man, with Isaac and Rebecca standing nearby, seemingly in great distress. Isaac explained that he had hired a body guard of six men, and mules to carry the litter of the sick man; but that their escort alarmed by a rumor of outlaws, had deserted them. Rebecca then made a noble appeal to Rowena for protection, unselfishly asking this favor not for herself, but for the wounded knight who afterwards proved to be Wilfred of Ivanhoe.

The scene in the castle with Brian de Bois Gilbert gives us perhaps a truer insight of Rebecca's soul than any other. The nobleness and purity of

her life even the wicked outlaw respected. The castle was stormed and burned, but Rebecca refused to fly, and leave the wounded knight to his fate. Finally Sir Brian carried her by sheer force from the castle to a place of safety. Even in the hour of Rebecca's trial for sorcery, her moral courage did not desert her. She scorned the proposals made by De Bois Gilbert for her safety, declaring that she did not fear death, even if her champion should fail to appear. When he did appear, rescuing her from a frightful fate by his conquest, she dared not bestow upon him the gratitude of her heart, fearing lest he might discover her feelings toward him.

The position of Rowena in the household of Cedric was one of great honor and influence. Her wish was law, and only in a few instances was that law disregarded. At the tournament, the champion proclaimed her the Queen of Love and Beauty. On the second day, the same knight was victorious, and in awarding the chaplet of honor, the Saxon princess discovered him to be her lover, Wilfred of Ivanhoe. She gave way to a momentary weakness, but soon controlled herself. Soon after this, Rowena, on account of her anxiety concerning Ivanhoe, refused to attend the festival of the Prince, and exhibited considerable will power in disregarding Cedric's request.

The scene in the castle shows very clearly the sheltered life Rowena had lived. At the beginning of her interview with De Bracy, she displayed much courage and dignity. Her self control did not fail her until the villain disclosed the fact that the fates of Cedric and Ivanhoe hung on her decision. Not until then did she fully realize the peril of her position. Thereupon, her haughtiness and the spirit of courage and imperial power, which she had acquired from the circumstances, in which she was placed, vanished; and Rowena's feminine dependency was apparent.

The Jewess Rebecca and the Saxon Rowena each exhibit noble traits of character. While Rebecca perhaps had more strength of mind and soul, we can not help admiring the womanly gentleness of Rowena. After the marriage of Ivanhoe and Rowena, Rebecca visited the Saxon bride to extend to her the gratitude due Ivanhoe for saving the

Jewess' life. Rowena urged her to remain with them and embrace their religion; but Rebecca, true to her father's faith, and fearing lest if she remained, her love for Ivanhoe would become known, casting a shadow over the home of Ivanhoe and Rowena, declined the offer; and declared that her future life would be spent in caring for the sick, feeding the hungry, and relieving the distressed. Scott is said to have considered Rebecca his finest female character. Some one has said, "The character of Rebecca is one of the most beautiful and ideal in fiction."

A. D.  
Epsilon Chapter.

#### ETA CHAPTER ROOM.

For a long time the bare walls of our club room cried out for pictures. At last it was suggested that the Club purchase a number of pictures with which to decorate the walls. A suggestion that pictures made in passe-partout be procured for our club room, was made. A number of Perry pictures, large and small sizes, assorted, were selected, and a committee appointed to make the passe-partout pictures for the club room. The pictures were mounted on gray Rembrandt mats and on plain gray mats before framing. The subjects chosen were as follows: "The Head of Christ," by Hoffmann; "The Arrival of the Shepherds," by LeRolle; "Queen Louise," by Richter; "Horse Fair," by Bonheur. The four named above were large-sized pictures. The following were of the ordinary sized Perry pictures: "Spring," by Corot; "By the Brookside," "John Alden and Priscilla," by Boughton; "Saved," by Landseer; "A School in Brittany," by Geoffroy; "A Singing Lesson," "The Sistine Madonna," "Christ Among the Doctors," by Hoffmann.

Little we thought that the simple fact of our club decorating the room with pictures in passe-partout would affect the Methods department. But the fact remains that the committee were besieged with questions by first one and then another member of the Methods classes, until finally, one of the Methods teachers sent a member of the class as a committee of one to learn how to make them, where to procure material, prices and all about them.



Truly our club should be proud of the fact that their acts can influence even the Methods department of a great Normal school, like Jamaica.

#### COZY CORNER.

"Girls, we must have a Cozy Corner! This corner of the club room is just the place for it!"

The proposition met with the approval of the whole club and preparations for erecting a cozy corner, were speedily begun. After the plans were all made the aid of our brothers, the Phils., was sought, and upon their promising to help us, the materials were gotten together and work on the Cozy Corner was begun. As it now adorns our club room, one would scarcely think of such prosaic things as shoe boxes in connection with our artistic Cozy Corner. Yet the boxes are there, but so prettily and so comfortably upholstered that only the initiated know about them.

For several afternoons after school, delegations from the Phils., armed with tall step-ladder, hammer, nails and saw, met in the Agonian club room, with the committee of Agonians, and in spite of lots of fun, managed to construct a Cozy Corner.

The club-room door was jealously guarded and much curiosity was manifested among the unfortunates who happened not to be Agonians or obliging Brother Phils. The materials used were, three thirty-inch shoe boxes, one bundle of shingle-lath, one pound of nails, a package of carpet tacks, a package of brass-headed finishing tacks, thirty yards of denim, hair for the cushions, and fifteen yards of Oriental drapery.

One of the shoe boxes was placed against the wall near the corner, a second placed against the opposite wall so that the two front inner corners were about fifteen inches apart. The third box was broken apart and the boards used to make a small platform connecting the the two boxes, entirely covering the space in the corner. This made a broad comfortable seat on which seven can sit comfortably. This seat was upholstered with cushions made of the hair and covered with the denim

A broad ruffle falling to the floor was tacked all around this seat and now, the seat having been finished, the Cozy Corner began to assume a really pleasing aspect.

Uprights were fastened, one at each end against

the wall and one in the center at the corner. Braces were placed across the top of the uprights and a triangular frame was ready for the drapery which was to form the canopy over our corner. Breadths of denim stitched together were stretched across the frame against the wall for a background for the groups who in future should sit in the cozy corner. The canopy was then made and fastened to the picture moulding above. Oriental drapery which combine our club colors, blue, white and gold, as well as the dull red of the denim, was draped across the front and down the sides of the canopy and except for a few finishing touches our cozy corner was complete. A huge Japanese lantern was suspended from the center of the canopy, a picture or two, and a tennis racquet hung on the walls, and plenty of downy cushions, prettily covered, make our Cozy Corner a "thing of beauty and a joy forever," for not only is it attractive in appearance, but the corner is one of the most comfortable in the club room. The corner was finished in time for the Phil-Agonian reunion in February, and it was enjoyed greatly by our visitors.

MABEL JACQUES,

Jamaica, N. Y.

President of Eta Chapter.

#### AUNT RUTH.

I had lived a quiet, uneventful life, quite apart from the world. Indeed, Aunt Ruth, with whom I lived, and Robert, the neighbor lad, were almost my only companions. Robert and I had been children together, always sharing alike our childish pleasures; and as the years passed by and we were boy and girl no longer, all the pretty fancies of our childhood became realities, and to-night Robert had left me in order to go out into the world to make a name for himself among men. I was to be loyal to him until he should return to me. But the thought of the untried world before him and the uncertainties of life, made me cowardly, and fearful of what the future might contain. My thoughts turned involuntarily toward Aunt Ruth and I resolved to tell her all, sure of the sympathy and advice which would be mine.

I entered her room and found her in her accustomed window seat. She greeted me with a kindly smile and as I paused hesitatingly, she said, "Child

what is troubling thee, thou art pale and sad?" Looking into her sweet placid face I thought, "Did she ever know parting such as mine? What was the secret sorrow of her life, if she ever had one? Surely her face was no tale-bearer, with its sweet smiling lips and kindly blue eyes. Everyone loved Aunt Ruth, it was to her the tired mothers went, it was to her that little children poured out their childish joys and griefs. It was Aunt Ruth who always had a kind word and pleasant smile for the humblest in the village 'round about.

I threw my arms lovingly about her and told her of my strange forebodings. When I had finished she kissed me softly and bade me listen, while she told me of her own girlhood.

"It was long, long years ago, dear, way back in the days of '61, when our country was plunged into a war for humanity's sake. From the east and west came a call for youth, the bravest and noblest in our land, and Charlie, my brave boy, was the first to take up arms for his country. He had come to me and said, 'Ruth, 'tis my country's call, shall I stay for thy sake?' and I answered, 'nay! nay! my lad, go and do thy bravest and best for thy country's sake.'

"From time to time word came to me of his brave deeds, and true. He had been promoted to the office of lieutenant. His letters were ever tender and hopeful. One day in the early spring-time, when the birds were singing their songs of gladness, as I sat thinking of my hero, the post-boy came hurriedly up the steps with a telegram. I tore it frantically open and stopped just long enough to read that Charles was wounded and was calling for me. I reached the hospital in time for my boy to clasp me in his arms. He told me to be brave and true, that he had done his best for his country and that now God was calling him home and I must carry out alone, the plans we had made for our life's work. 'Do it nobly and bravely little woman,' he said 'as I would have you do, and, be our parting long or short, I will meet you, with the words, 'Well done.' This is all, dear. At the close of each day of my life, I say, 'shall I hear my Charlie's well done?'"

As she finished I thought, this is why her life

flows on so peacefully. Never, by look or action, portraying her own secret sorrow. Yet,—

"Each day's low descending sun, saw by her hand, some worthy action done."

Some deed of kindness in the name of sweet charity, some one helped and cheered by her words of comfort, or some one learning a lesson in patience in adversity. And the influence of this life shed its radiance all around.

J. B.

Zeta Chapter.

## LITERARY WORK OF THE YEAR IN ETA CHAPTER.

When at the beginning of the school year the line of literary work which the society should take up was under consideration, it was felt that as all previous work had been based upon American and English literature, a change would be broadening and helpful. The Society as a whole had never studied the history of music, so a plan was made for six months' work, which provided for as comprehensive a study of the subject as possible in that time. The plan proved to be very satisfactory, and the Society felt at the end of the term that it was much benefited by the definite work that had been done. On the days when those classic and romantic composers who have most influenced musical history were under discussion, the Glee Club gave several selections from their works, which added to the enjoyment of the course as well as to its value.

The literary programme for the present term has been varied. In the intervals of more sober work some meetings have been held exclusively for fun. On one of these occasions there was given

### A MOCK TRIAL.

As the Philaetheæans were deeply concerned in the case, the trial was held before a joint meeting of Phils and Agonians. The charge was slander. The plaintiff, an Agonian, brought suit for \$15,000 damages; asserting that the defendant, a Philaetheæan, had wrongfully made statements to the effect that she had dyed her hair. As a result of her

alleged act, the defendant's affections had been alienated. A drug clerk helped out his brother Phil by testifying that the plaintiff had bought of him brown diamond dye, used exclusively for the hair. Some pieces of string dipped in red ink were brought into court as being locks of the plaintiff's original sunny hair, and the case was decided for the defendant; a fine of five cents being imposed on the plaintiff.

#### A FACULTY MEETING.

This was the program for the meeting of March 2. Several members of the Society impersonated the faculty in their respective classrooms, and the "take-offs" were so good that they were received with glee, and there was no difficulty in guessing the subjects of the impersonations. Two poems, "The Faculty in Chapel," and "The Faculty on Skates," were highly appreciated.

#### OUR RE-UNION.

"There was a sound of revelry by night"—not that momentous night in Belgium's capitol when  
 "The lights shone o'er fair women and brave men,  
 And eyes looked love to eyes that spoke again."

No ominous sound sent a shudder through the festive throng and cast a gloom upon the assembled guests—"brave men and fair women" all and joy was unconfined. "The lamps shone brightly"—blue, gold, white, old gold, purple—symbolic colors everywhere manifest—festooned, draped, massed, artistically blended. The rice pudding, why, it was simply immense, and yet 'twas but an appetizer, a foretaste of good things to follow. Pearls of thought, gems of wit, brilliants of wisdom from visitors and from Dr. McLachlan, Dr. Keyser and Dr. Humphrey, of our own dear Jamaica. Oh, but it was a good time all round, with good things to see, good things to hear, good things to do and good people to see, to hear, and to do these good things, and then 'twas

"On with the dance—let joy be unconfined.

No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet,  
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet."

It was the occasion of the re-union and banquet of the Agonian and Philalethean societies held

February 9th at the State Normal School, Jamaica, as had been decided at the Plattsburgh convention. Miss Mabel Jaques, president, and Miss Sarah Bennett, vice-president, of the Agonian, with Mr. William Barhite, president, and Mr. William Denton, vice-president, of the Philalethean, acted as a reception committee. The committee in charge is entitled to full mead of praise and credit for the eminent success of the affair. Not a hitch in the program, not a flaw in the management. From beginning to end it was entertainment and enjoyment. The tasteful decoration of the chapel and halls with the clubs' colors, was artistic and gratifying to the sight. The comfort of guests was well looked after and they could but carry away to linger with them through life, pleasant recollections; it was "open house" and they enjoyed it. Agonian Cozy corner was soon found out and much sought.

After a tour and inspection of the building, the evening's entertainment was inaugurated by the presentation in the chapel of the amusing farce, entitled "A Rice Pudding," which was acted cleverly and served well the purpose of putting everybody in good humor and effectually effacing any streak of blue there might have been, so that when seated at table all were amply able to do full justice to the fare and enter with zest on the "feast of reason and flow of soul."

Cut flowers, the yellow rose, Agonian's flower, conspicuously adorned the tables. The name cards had the yellow rose painted on one side with order of toasts on the other. Mr. George Cheney acted as toastmaster and made the welcoming address. Mr. Charles K. O'Hagan responded to the toast "Organization of the Fraternities," Mr. F. B. Graham, of Oneonta, "Fraternities of the Past," Mr. Howard Rowe, of Jamaica, "Fraternities of the Present," and Miss Mabel Jaques, of Jamaica, "Fraternities of the Future." The interesting address of Mr. Roscoe Briggs, of Oneonta, was well received. Dr. McLachlan, Dr. Keyser and Dr. Humphrey, of Jamaica, also spoke and the presence of the entire faculty added to the general joy.

But it was not all eating, drinking and speaking. Music lent her aid and Terpsichore called her votaries to the shrine. "The witching hour of night

when grave yards yawn" went by. Aurora's awakening was at hand and "au revoir, not good bye" was said; for that there be others was the unanimous wish.

GERTRUDE C. REIS,

Eta Chapter.

### THE PHIL-AGONIAN CONVENTION.

The fifth annual convention of the Agonian and Philaletheæan Fraternities which was held at Plattsburgh, November 3rd, and 4th, proved a success in every particular. On Friday afternoon, the delegates enjoyed a drive to the Post Summer School, and Bluff Point, where an excellent opportunity was afforded to witness the beautiful scenery in which the Champlain region abounds.

A reception was held in the Fraternity rooms and Library at eight o'clock, Friday evening. The reception committee consisted of Hon. J. B. Riley, Prof. G. K. Hawkins, Miss Alice O'Brien, Mr. Roy B. Kelly, Miss Cora Doolittle, Miss Ruth Cochran, and Mr. Wallace Bramar. A lunch consisting of salads, ices, cakes and coffee was served in the Library which was very prettily decorated. The address of welcome was given by Prof. Hawkins, principal of the Normal School. After the lunch dancing was enjoyed till after midnight, the music being furnished by the city orchestra.

The delegates were convened in their respective Chapter rooms at 9 o'clock Saturday morning. The Agonian delegates responded to the roll call as follows: Mabel Deyo, Rosamond Edgerton, Della Balding—Alpha Chapter; Jeanne Smith, Lulu Palmer—Beta Chapter; Una Griswold—Gamma Chapter; Ruth Cochran—Delta Chapter; Frances Moscrip—Epsilon Chapter; Cora Doolittle, Bessie Hughes—Zeta Chapter; Gertrude Ries—Eta Chapter. The Philaletheæan delegates were as follows: B. A. Bronson, J. H. Parmale—Geneseo; J. H. Tate, S. T. Gans, Roy B. Kelly—Oneonta; Harry Mold—Mansfield; A. A. Newbury, E. B. Luce—Fredonia; G. W. Cheney—Jamaica; F. A. Rexford, L. W. Miller—Brockport; H. P. O'Hagan, Plattsburgh. Adjourned business meetings were

called to order at 2 o'clock and continued throughout the afternoon. Many new ideas were given and the meetings were in every respect helpful ones. Miss Sarah Pledger was elected Grand President of the Agonian Fraternity and Mr. Charles K. O'Hagan, Grand President of the Philaletheæan Fraternity.

Saturday evening the Agonians and Philaletheæans assembled in Agonian Hall, where the Agonians gave a short but entertaining program, after which a farewell dance was given in the gymnasium. The delegates departed for their homes Sunday evening. All agreed that they had had a most enjoyable time, and all joined in the praise of their Plattsburgh brothers and sisters for their graceful manner of entertaining.

### ALPHA CHAPTER.

This has been a very successful year for the Alpha Chapter. We are nearing the end of this school year with a membership of sixty. About twenty-five new members have been taken in this year.

Six of our members graduated in January and at the last regular meeting before they went, they gave a very interesting program which was followed by a chafing dish spread.

During last summer's vacation our rooms were repapered and furnished with new curtains and a new cosy corner. These added very much to the looks of the rooms.

A new plan has been adopted for raising money. The members have been divided into five sections, the duty of each section being to raise a fixed amount of money in any way they desire.

Another way, which may be suggestive to the other chapters, is to invite our brother Philaletheæans in to see the recitations, provided they pay five cents admission. On one occasion very pretty tableaux were arranged, which seemed to take very well. Another time they were entertained by the "Darktown Minstrels" consisting of a string quartette and several soloists.

Particular attention is being given to the debates



which are generally on some current topic and are always of an interesting nature.

The students are publishing a school paper this year, called "The Normalian." It is published once in two weeks and has a wide circulation among the alumni as well as the students.

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### BETA CHAPTER.

During the past year the work of the club has been advancing most satisfactorily. Many new members have been received and the club is now in a flourishing condition, socially, financially, and in literary lines.

The study of Parliamentary law which has received attention during the year has been both helpful to the members and improved the order of meetings.

Under the direction of Miss Alice Rollins, the Glee Club has made rapid progress and is now the leading Glee Club among the ladies' societies.

The Mandolin and Guitar Club recently organized is progressing rapidly.

The Phil-Agonian societies have for the last two years had the honors of election from their members of class officers.

October 14 a supper was given which realized fifty dollars. This money purchased a handsome rug for the club room.

We were pleasantly entertained by the Philaethæans October 27.

The Faculty were entertained by the Agonians on the evening of December 21. The club room was decorated with evergreen and holly in honor of the approaching Christmas festival. An interesting program was rendered after which the raising of the curtain revealed an old-fashioned Christmas tree, containing small and humorous gifts for everyone.

A reception was given the Club January 5, by the Alpha Deltas, which was much enjoyed by all.

A joint meeting of the Clonians and Agonians was held in the club rooms February 23, 1900. An interesting joint program was rendered and the members enjoyed meeting socially.

A sewing bee organized by the girls proved a success financially.

March 24, from a maple sugar sale, about forty dollars was realized. Our Club has been favored recently with lectures by two members of the Faculty, Miss Denison and Dr. Schumaker. These have been greatly appreciated and enjoyed by all.

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### GAMMA CHAPTER.

During the last few weeks our society has studied Emerson's "Representative Men," and some of his poems. We derived much pleasure and benefit from this source.

The mid-winter exercises were given under the auspices of the Agonian and Philaethæan societies this year, and consisted of a debate upon the question, "Would a socialistic form of government be beneficial to our country?" The debates were well delivered, and showed much careful preparation.

The Hallowe'en party given by the Gamma Chapter was an enjoyable event. Some of the old-fashioned amusements were indulged in, such as bobbing for apples, finding hidden rings, hunting for red ears of corn, eating doughnuts suspended from a string, telling fortunes, and the like. The rooms were decorated with autumn leaves, and lighted by Jack-o' lanterns.

One of our worthy members is president of this year's graduating class.

We were delightfully entertained by our brother Phils, at their annual edition of the "Pumpkinville Echo." The publication of the Agonian Hustler was the occasion of another informal gathering of the two societies.

A great many have ridden the Agonian goat this year, and there are others to soon experience this

pleasure. Quite a few of our members are to leave the school in June, but wherever they go, we feel sure that they will always be loyal to the gold, white and blue.

### EPSILON CHAPTER.

The Agonians are very pleasantly situated in their newly furnished chapter room on fourth floor of North Hall. We thought our former room too small to accommodate our increasing membership, so last fall we had it enlarged and newly furnished which improvement makes our meetings all the more pleasant and attractive.

At the beginning of the spring term the Philaletheæans and Agonians gave a reception in the Art Studio for the benefit of the new students. A joint program of several numbers was rendered among which was music by the Philaletheæan Mandolin Club and a selection by the Agonian Glee Club. Chocolate and sandwiches were served.

Miss Clara Merrick, of Virginia, who was for several years a member of the Normal School faculty and a member of the Agonian Fraternity, attended one of our regular programs a short time ago, while visiting friends in town. We were all glad to have Miss Merrick with us again if for only a short time, and in the brief talk which she gave us, we were again reminded that our Fraternity still holds a fond place in her memory.

A few weeks ago several of our members attended "Faust," which was given at Wellsboro under the management of Porter J. White.

Miss Mabel Jenks, one of our former members, spent her Easter vacation with her mother, Mrs. Mary A. Jenks. Miss Jenks was graduated from this school in the class of '99, and has since been studying at the Fredonia State Normal.

On Saturday evening, February 24, the Agonians gave a program to the Clionians in the Agonian chapter room. After the program light refreshments were served.

Miss Belva Taylor, of Susquehanna, Pa., a former Agonian, and a graduate of the class of '98, is visiting Miss Nellie Wallace.

On Arbor Day the Agonians dedicated a tree to our former principal, Dr. S. H. Albro, also one to our present principal, Dr. A. T. Smith.

February 17, the Philaletheæans entertained the Agonians in Alumni Hall. The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion. An excellent program was given, one of the numbers being a pleasing address delivered by the president, Mr. Eugene McNally. Elegant refreshments were served which were much enjoyed by all. The guests took their departure at 11 o'clock, each one feeling that a most enjoyable evening had been spent.

We are glad to welcome among us Miss Margaret Jayne and Miss Louise Watrous, both formerly members of the Agonian Fraternity. Miss Jayne is completing the senior course and Miss Watrous is taking post-graduate work.

Friday evening, April 27, the Agonian Glee Club gave a concert in Alumni Hall, assisted by Mrs. Evangeline Decker, Miss Weston and Mr. W. K. Towner. Professor Richard Welton acted as accompanist.

#### PART I.

1. Darby and Joan, Molloy, arr. by Frank Smith  
Agonian Glee Club.
2. { a. A May Morning, . . . . . Deuza  
b. Gypsies, . . . . . Dudley Buck  
Mrs. Decker.
3. Polonaise, Op. 26, No. 1, . . . . . Chopin  
Miss Ethel Smith and Miss Nellie Hoard.
4. { a. The Night Has a Thousand Eyes, Hawley  
b. Dolores, . . . . . Northrop  
Mr. Towner.
5. The Mariners, . . . . . Randegger  
Mrs. Decker, Miss Weston, Mr. Towner.
6. Selected, . . . . .  
Philaletheæan Mandolin Club.

#### PART II.

1. Fast Asleep, . . . . . Bracket  
Glee Club.
2. The Revenge, . . . . . Tennyson  
Miss Mollie Tracey Weston.
3. The Lord Is My Light, . . . . . Dudley Buck  
Mrs. Decker and Mr. Towner.

4. Valse de l'Ivresse, . . . . . Vidal  
Miss Louise Mitchell.
5. Staccato Polka, . . . . . Mulder  
Mrs. Decker.
6. Selected, . . . . .  
Glee and Mandolin Clubs.

Mrs. Decker possesses a voice of rare sweetness, and the ease and grace with which she sang the Staccato Polka proved her to be an artist. Mr. Towner's rich baritone was pleasing to all. Miss Weston recited in her usual attractive and interesting style. The Philaethæan Mandolin Club and all taking part in the program rendered their selection in an effective manner. The concert was also a success financially.

N. J. M.

### ZETA CHAPTER.

Zeta chapter has taken in ten new members so far this year, and expects to continue her work in that direction. She will sadly miss her fourteen seniors who leave this year.

On the evening of January 29th, the Agonians gave a play entitled, "The Man in the Case." The curiosity of many was aroused by the name of the play, and a good house was present to see how girls could manage such a play. They managed it very well indeed, as was shown by the applause which sometimes interrupted the speakers. Music was furnished by the Normal Mandolin Club which is trained by one of the Philaethæans. The Philaethæans were very kind in offering their services, and managed the stage settings and scenery well. The Agonians showed their appreciation of the Philaethæans' help by giving them a pleasant evening at the home of one of the girls.

This is the first year laboratory work has been required in Geology. Each one had to analyze forty minerals in the ten weeks, working two hours a week in the laboratory. Now laboratory work is required in Botany, Geology and Chemistry.

The Agonians were entertained by the Philaethæans in January. After a pleasing program refreshments were served in the physical laboratory.

The principal and his wife entertained the Senior Class one evening in January. A pleasant time was reported.

As there are no Commencement exercises in February now, the February graduates are allowed to come back in June and take honors with the rest of the class.

The Normal lecture course of six members, has been unusually good this year. The last, but by no means least, on the course, was a lecture by Booker T. Washington.

In a foot ball contest between the Philaethæans and Gamma Sigmas, the Phils won by a score of 17 to 0. The Philaethæans lead in athletics without a doubt.

One of our girls is vice-president of the Senior Class of 1900. The president is always one from the boys' societies.

The foundations are laid for a very fine chapel which will be a model building in every respect. The upper part of the building will be used for chapel exercises and public entertainments; the lower part for the training school work.

### TO OUR SENIORS.

We're sorry we must lose you.  
Yet well indeed we know  
We cannot keep you always,  
Although we would do so.

The state still calls for teachers,  
And you must join its ranks,  
To teach at least for two years,  
And put up with the pranks

Of many a trying young one,  
Whose heart is good as gold,  
But who alas! does oft forget  
The many things he's told.

While busy with these duties,  
Don't entirely us forget,  
And remember that Agonian  
Has a warm place for you yet.

That ever for her sisters,  
She will work and fight and pray  
That nothing ill may them befall,  
While traveling life's highway.

And when occasion offers you  
A day that you may take,  
Don't miss the opportunity;  
But us a visit make.

And if the fourth of April comes  
And finds you far away,  
Let us know you've not forgotten us,  
Nor the import of the day.

But send a letter we may read,  
And the first three years also  
Place in it something else, please,  
Just to help us on, you know.

And let us know just where you are,  
And what your name may be;  
If, possibly, you've changed it,  
Do not change fraternally.

Seniors, we will part with you  
In hopes to meet again;  
And so we will not say farewell,  
Rather, "Auf Wiedersehen!"

S. J. P.,  
Zeta Chapter.

#### ETA CHAPTER.

On last Hallowe'en the Agonians entertained their brother Philalethæans and the faculty of the school at an informal Hallowe'en party. The gymnasium was tastefully decorated in the club colors, and the light of a half dozen jack o' lanterns shed a mysterious ghostly light. A very appropriate program was followed reviving the ancient superstitions and Hallowe'en festivities. The apples, too, were not forgotten and long rows of them vanished from the string, or were triumphantly borne away at the expense of a dripping head.

Ghost stories, weird enough to chill any one's blood, were told, and many tried their fortunes only to receive the reply "an old maid," or "an old bachelor," but what else can we expect from Normal students? Much amusement was created by the sketches of future wives or husbands drawn by blindfolded guests. No doubt many were the disappointments when a favored one failed to recognize in the ugly drawing the picture of her own sweet face. At any rate we were all convinced the Agonians and Phils were destined to be only brothers and sisters.

As the best things are saved until the last we saved the best of our program—the refreshments. The party broke up by dancing the "Virginia

Reel," and each voted a very pleasant time, as hearts hardened by methods and pedagogy could not be disturbed by such unsubstantial beings as ghosts.

#### DELTA CHAPTER, PHILALETHÆANS.

On account of the warm evenings we have arranged to begin our sessions for the term at 6:45 p. m., in order to finish our programs somewhat earlier than heretofore and yet not to neglect our literary work.

We have with us for the spring term our faithful brother, Mr. Gerdon A. Shook, who has been teaching at Brooklyn, Pa. Mr. Dudley E. Latham also spent a few days lately on a visit to his Alma Mater. He has been doing excellent work as principal of the schools of Hallton, Elk County, Pa.

Mr. James N. Muir attended our meeting on May 12, and at the invitation of the chapter rendered several very entertaining recitations. Mr. Muir has lately been attending King's School of Oratory at Pittsburg, and the artistic power which he displayed surprised even those of us who knew his natural talent in that line of work.

Other old Phils who have recently visited here are Messrs. Blair, Watson, Price, Wagner and Grosjean.

Our chapter celebrated Arbor Day as usual by making some additions to our grove on Normal Hill. Four trees were planted and dedicated to our last four presidents, Messrs. Latham, Mold, McNally and Webb.

On Saturday evening, May 5th, the case of T. B. Hubbard, U. S. mail carrier, plaintiff, vs. F. S. Clark, defendant, on a charge of assault and highway robbery, was tried by Judge Webb at a special session of criminal court, Messrs. Shook and Patterson being attorneys for the prosecution, and McNally and Crittenden for the defense. The case was well worked up, and much interesting and sensational testimony was brought out. The prosecution got somewhat the better of their opponents, but this was counterbalanced by Mr. McNally's eloquent plea in summing up. The jury, after some deliberation brought in a verdict of guilty of assault, not guilty of robbery.

E. C. C.



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Normal School  
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*Bookseller, Stationer  
and Newsdealer.*

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And you will never wear any other makes.  
We have all styles. The purchase money  
will be refunded if not entirely satisfactory.  
We always have the new styles and colors in

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Our Black Dress Goods stock is complete.

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All the new shades in  
**ALL-SILK RIBBONS**

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In black and colors.

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Hundreds of new styles just received by

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**The Lowest Prices in Western N. Y.**

**Queen Quality  
Shoes, for Ladies**

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J. H. Shafer.**

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**GROCERIES,**

Foreign and

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Canned Goods and Table Delicacies a Specialty

**Are You Thirsty?**

Drink Pure Soda and Phos-  
phates at E. W. Briggs.

**Do You Need School Supplies?** Get  
them at  
Briggs'.

**Do You Wish to be Happy?** Then buy your  
goods at Briggs

**E. W. Briggs' Drug Store, Capen Block, Brockport, N. Y.**

*Millinery.*

*Goto the Fagan Store  
for all the newest in*

*Millinery.*

33 MAIN ST.

*If the goods came from  
Ward's Log Cabin  
Bakery. Brockport, N.  
Y, they are all right.  
That's all.*

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To those who are interested in the Dry Goods line, we invite you to our store. We like to have you call whether you have any intention of purchasing or not, and look through our line of goods. We have but one price and that price is always at the lowest figure. We carry a full line of staple Dry Goods and Notions. Call in and see us when you are down street.

East side of Main Street.

**Bonnell & Butler, Brockport, N. Y.**

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S. H. POTTER, Asst. Cashier.

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**The Corner  
Bookstore,**

Main and  
Broad Streets, **ONEONTA, N. Y.**

\*\*\*\*\*  
This advertisement is taken for  
two reasons:

First---To help the Agonian  
Society.

Second---To help myself.

The first has been accom-  
plished; the second can be, by  
giving me your trade.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**HENRY SAUNDERS.**


**If** you are a teacher seeking advancement, and  
worthy of it, or looking for a place to begin,  
and if you knew how many places the **School**  
**Bulletin Agency** filled, and how, you would register  
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Everything for school.

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In the Ring we are champions. Jewelry buyers are all ours at the first glance. Our rare collection of sparklers easily wins practical approval of purchase. The ring is the sign of so many things that all feel bound to wear them, and we show these goods in dazzling variety, from the solid gold hoops to stone rings in bright profusion. This charmed and charming circle

in which all would have a finger should be close to hand so to speak  
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*Empire Millinery*  
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*of ye Makers & ye*  
*Sellers of Beautiful*  
*Things for ye Women.*  
*At ye Sign of ye Hat on*  
*Ye Wellsboro Road.*

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At the **Cheapest Price,**

**Come Here**

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FREDONIA, N. Y.

1900.

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L. McKinstry, Sec.;

C. L. Mark,

Hon. M. M. Fenner,

F. C. Chatsey,

F. R. Green.

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*Tuition and use of Text Books free to those preparing to teach.*

*Good Board can be obtained in the village in private families at reasonable rates. Also rooms for self-boarding can be readily and reasonably secured.*

*The Young Ladies' Boarding Club in the school building furnishes board at cost. Young men also have a club, procuring rooms out of the building.*

*For particulars send for circulars.*

F. B. PALMER, Principal.

# PITTS, JUDGE & CO.,

Mansfield's Leading

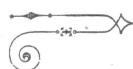
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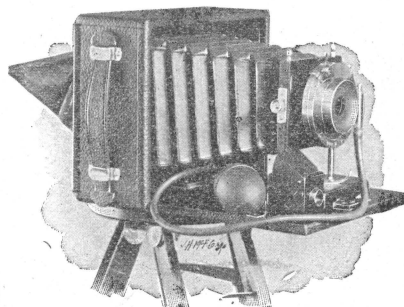
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Or simply a BETTER EDUCA-  
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